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Man.

I PASSED beyond a mountain ridge,
Beheld a city grand,
(With domes and ships and wond'rous bridge)
Beside the river strand.
My eyes were lost in wistful gaze—
"To human mind and hand all praise!"
Thought I.

Ere many days had passed away,
I cruised there homeward bound;
Anon behold, as crumbled clay
Were ruins spread around.
"Twas Nature's hand," they moaned to me,—
"O weakling man, I pity thee."
Thought I.

RAYMUND RATH. '06.



American Humorists.

HUMOR is an evasive thing. It may be styled an agency by which we are inclined to mirth, which makes us laugh, and which we desire for no other purpose than to amuse us. It all depends on the reader. Humor is radically worthy of a hearty laugh, but to some it may not appear in that light. It is useless to talk about funny things, for "a thing is either humorous, or it is not." While these few lines are therefore not intended to suggest a learned and exhaustive treatise on humor, they propose to cover the field of American humor, only mentioning such works as have received public approval, and stand out prominently the great mass of humorous writings.

Since the birth of humor in America, which is easily traced to the years when restored peace afforded the men thus far occupied with the stern business of war an opportunity of resting, and indulging in some pleasantry, we have various instances of various humors, and never have they gone begging a hearing.

Franklin's school of humor is sedate, and confined to his trite sayings, which upon second thought do not appear as humorous as at first. His humor is so genial and benevolent, however, that one feels grateful to him for it. How much it must have contributed to assuage the wrought-up feelings, and soften the general acerbity of the revolutionary times!

In a sense it may be said that the mantle of Franklin descended upon the most delightful of our humorists, Washington Irving. Both have a delicious quaintness and geniality, but in a playfulness, whimsicalness and richness of fancy, Irving is incomparably greater. Irving is a literary artist, who not only sees the incongruities and inconsistencies of things, but can create them, and this without seeming violence to the things themselves. His humor, as Lowell says in his well-known lines, has all the qualities of that of Addison, minus the chill, plus all the sweetness and richness of his own "warm heart and fine brain." It is an ever bubbling spring, yielding joy to thousands.

As a literary quality we find humor in all of our best writers, but until "Bill Nye" sprang into prominence few records of a noteworthy, and as we say, professional wit are found. When "Bill Nye" published his collection of stories, which as he hoped, would possess an unquestionable "risible tendency," America greeted one of its best and foremost humorists. "Bill Nye's" humor will not permit analysis.

We are now in the Golden Age of American humor, when men are favored with the richest cream in that creamery, and when no one has a license to be pessimistic or disagreeable with such an overflowing bowl of the real juice of life before him. Americans, as such, have several qualities which are distinctly their own, but one characteristic, one natural craving they share in common with all nations: they want to laugh. A laugh is

worth while, and when things are in such a condition that it is hard to be obtained, then Destiny trots out her favorites, who will caper nimbly before the grand-stand of the public, and invite their applause, their admiration, and their laughter.

Thus it was when Mark Twain, that incomparable humorist awoke one morning to find his reputation established. There is no question as to the right of Mark Twain's place among the greatest fun makers of the world. His humor is of the richest sort, so full of the real requisite qualities, that a pronounced pessimist would find it hard to suppress the inevitable grin which adorns the face of every reader of his lines.

Sometimes we are tempted to call his humor simon-pure satire, and at times he does branch off into this byway, perhaps we should say, very often. But when such is the case, one may look for and find in his lines a veracity which well allows such digressions.

In a word, Mark Twain's humor is of that class which "delights in finding an element of identity in things seemingly the most incongruous, and then again in forcing an incongruity upon things identical."

Turning from Mark Twain to search for another individual whom fortune has favored with the gift of humor we almost stumble over George Ade. His humor has been a veritable Godsend to an over strenuous people. He had studied science, practiced law, and written stories for newspapers, but the world had not recognized him a wit more than many other struggling young lawyers and repor-

ters. In one great stride he was before the American people as a humorist whose genius was well worth cultivating. "Fables in Slang" did it. What they are almost every American knows by this time. They are the rarest collection of really humorous fables the American people were ever fortunate enough to lay hands on.

Ade's humor may be characterized as the outgrowth of human inconsistencies. Nothing is more humorous than real life. George Ade realized this in his youthful days and stored an unlimited supply of experiences, which later took form in his writings.

Thackeray describes humor as "a mixture of love and wit." An old English writer calls wit "quick wisdom." Of this mixture love gives the body, and wit the effervescence. Since wit affords its pleasure from the utter unexpectedness of the occurrence, so much the greater is the charm which results. These are the qualities of George Ade's humor. We are never disappointed in reading his lines, nor is his wit so subtle that it may not easily be caught by all. The charm of his writings lies in their incongruity, their illusiveness and unexpectedness. His place among the best humorists of the age is assured, his fame is honestly come by.

Among others who are contributing their share to American humor we find the remarkable Mr. Dooley, whose satires in such extremely humorous words is a source of unmeasurable amusement. His wisdom in expressing himself upon the most serious themes, social, civil, and political

is astonishing. Nor is the phraseology of his works less wonderful. Nothing is harder to catch than the Irish idiom, nothing harder to suggest on paper than the Irish brogue. And yet Mr. Dooley has succeeded admirably in doing both.

Among others we find John Hendricks Bangs, whose humor, however, is questioned, since he is a survival of a school of facetiousness, which in our times is happily moribund. His quality of tickling the lungs is unquestionable, but as to his humor it may rightly be questioned and left on the other side of the dividing line which separates humor from facetiousness.

W. W. Jacobs, if he is to be judged from his late productions, would more aptly be classed among the jokers than among the real humorists. His stories are full of laughable situations and whimsical dialogues, in which respect he closely resembles Frank Stockton, but they lack that essential quality which would transform them into the humorous.

America's women humorists are not overlooked by any means. Some of our best humor and real wit come from the pen of American women. In "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," Miss Hegan has created a character which will not be relegated to a place among the eligible and decorative heroines of fiction, but will always live with those who are subject to the charm of human nature.

Mrs. Stuart has scored a success in "Sonny," and Miss Daskam shows in her work a humorous vein which is deserving of high esteem.

Is this not enough? American humor surely wants not in quantity, as we have seen. As additional proof we need only refer to the editorial pages of our great daily newspapers, and there we find a menu of most enchanting humor, most of which is of excellent quality. The days of the funny man are numbered, but the humorist will ever be loved; for he is a true friend, nay, a benefactor.

D. LAWRENCE MONAHAN, '06.



The Storm.

A gentle breath
Like stilly death—
A hush, a murmur growing:
A brilliant flash,
An echoing crash—
A patter, coming, going:
A steady pour,
From heaven's floor—
A calm, and sunlight glowing.

D. L. M., '06.



“Under the Cedars and the Stars.”

AMID the overwhelming pathos of our great cities, with their congested factory life, unhealthy atmosphere, crowded tenements, and the mad rush for happiness in soul destroying excitement, it is a hopeful sign of the times that there are many seeking respite from hard work, health for body and mind, and elevating enjoyment in the loving appreciation of the works which the Creator has unrolled before the eyes of man in order to show him his power, his goodness, his love.

One of the natural outgrowths of this appreciative observation of the phenomena of nature has been a literature which is as inspiring and ennobling as the pursuit of the study itself.

When in the 70's Burroughs' "Wake Robin" came from the press, there were few, if any, works on outdoor subjects which were of a popular character. It is true, we had scientists who were engaged in the study of the various branches of natural history, Audubon and Wilson in ornithology, Gray in Botany, Agassiz in Zoology, but as yet we had no work which combined all these sciences in such a form as to make it instructive as well as entertaining to those, who, although keenly susceptible to the charms of nature, had never looked upon her from a scientific standpoint. "Wake Robin" filled a popular want, and it is from this time on that we find others giving their

time and thought and best efforts to portray nature in such a manner as to make it enjoyable to those inclined to the pursuit of this study.

Prominent among these are Olive Thorne Miller, Florence A. Merriam, Mrs. Dane, Bradford Torrey, Ernest Seton Thompson and others. All these writers have had intimate intercourse with nature, and they have endeavored to give to us the pleasurable, the beautiful, and elevating which they have met with in forest, field, and stream, without ever becoming obscure or dry by scientific description.

What, for instance, can make a dreary winter day more cheerful than the optimistic view of Burroughs on winter in "Winter Sunshine," and the praises he lavishes upon the pedestrian in love with the snow and the frozen turn-pike; or what can soothe more the heart of him who has neither the time nor the money to spend in travel, than to take up the same author's essay "In the Adirondacks," or Bradford Torrey's delightful study of the fauna and flora and human life amid the mountains of Tennessee.

Those, therefore, that have been spending delightful hours wandering along that sweet, cheerful, silvery rill which trickles down over mossy mountain rocks under the forest giants, and the protecting shrubbery along its side, where birds chatter in sweet discord, down, down through the verdant meadow all covered with grass and flowers and herbs, to be lost, alas, too soon, amid that turbulent and muddy stream,—the neurotic, and sensational literature of the day, will be pleased to

find that nature study has progressed another step forward and upward in Father Sheehan's "Under the Cedars and the Stars." In its concept and treatment it stands unique amid the present day publications of outdoor life. It is not, as its name would seem to indicate, a work on trees or stars, but rather a reflex of the "various language" which nature has spoken to a mind enlightened by Revelation and the light of faith;—a study of nature by a Catholic priest, philosopher, and thinker, and the bearing such study has upon the spiritual life of the Christian.

The author is in love with nature's beauties: he wonders at everything he sees, despises nothing, but sees a hidden meaning in everything. "I am an inquisitive being," he says, "and the mystery of the world weighs heavily upon me. I have the faculty of wonder strangely developed in me. An ephemera, floating in the summer air; a worm creeping from cave to cave in the warm, open earth; the pink tips of a daisy's finger make me glad with surprise. Miracles are all around me, and I take them literally, and wonder at them. Omnia admirari! is my motto. I have not steeled myself into stoicism, that can see worlds overturned—with a shrug. I have a child's wonder, and a child's love." Is not this an interesting introduction? Do we not unconsciously ask on reading these lines, What has *this* man seen?

Flowers, "the sweetest things God has made, and forgot to put a soul in," are the subject of his special contemplation and wonder. We are all familiar with the tulip, the apple blossom, the

crocus, the hyacinth, the daffodil, and narcissus, and he takes this for granted, but he would go one step farther, where the scientific botanist does not think it his business to go, in order to inquire as to who "the time-keeper, the night-warden, and watchman" of his flowers might be, or in order to bring home to us that great principle which he sees in nature that all "things round to beauty, and that in the spiral of a vast nebula which covers half the heavens, and in the curve of a little leaf that shelters a tiny insect, order and beauty and proportion and harmony subsist, —a reflex of the Mind of the Eternal.

His "hortus conclusus," as he calls it, is hedged in by a goodly number of trees which he justly esteems most highly. "And we have sycamores, and pines, and firs; and laburnum, and laurel, and lime, and lilac; and my garden is buried beneath dusky walls of forest trees, beeches and elms and oaks, that rival in sublimity and altitude their classic brethren of Lebanon, leaving but the tiniest margin of blue mountain, stretching sierra-like between them and the stars." It is in this "Academe," his "Stoa," where he listens to "some unseen teacher," and where on a clear, warm autumn evening, when the air is filled with the sweet scent of the jasmine, and the winds rustle gently among the trees, he feels the "throb of the universe" in contemplating the suns of a thousand worlds, and overawed by the grandeur and the sublimity of what he beholds, he is still more deeply impressed with that Power which is the cause of the harmony found in the heavenly

bodies. "And as far up in the darkness on the bridge of the vessel, silent, invisible, stands the captain, who controls the mighty mechanism beneath him—dumb, watchful, with a light touch on the electric knob before him, so I saw Thee, though Thou, too, wert invisible, O my God—I saw Thy finger on the magnetic key of the Universe; and I feared not the night, nor the darkness, nor the grave, for I knew that the destinies of us and of Thy worlds were safe in Thy keeping."

The vernal and autumnal migration of birds is as interesting a subject to Father Sheehan as the course of stars. "Hip hip, hurrah! The first swallow has come!" Has not this the genuine ring of a college yell, though slightly adapted to Father Sheehan's purpose? Why hip, hip, hurrah for a swallow? Because "they are harbingers of Spring, and its most swift and elastic messengers;" because they have been in danger in their flight and have overcome it: "Beneath you roars the tempest, and great seas lift up their ravening jaws to engulf you; but over all you glide, buoyant and triumphant; for He who made you is your Pilot and your Captain; because "of all physical existences on or around this planet, their seems to be the most perfect and joyous." This loving tribute to the swallow is a bit of description that is as poetical as it argues the most careful observation of bird-life.

A few weeks later, when the apple-trees are covered with white and pink blossoms, when the tulips die in a blaze of glory, and when the round balls of the peonies seem eager to break into their

great, thick, glossy leaves, the red-letter days for the ornithologist have come. "But I think the greatest pleasure of these beautiful rich May mornings is that of listening to the music that bursts from every copse and tree from the throats of blackbirds, throistles, and seems to make the virgin air vibrate with melody. From the thick bosky verdure in the forest beyond, where the young leaves are still tender and silky; from the top branch of firs and pines; from neighboring gardens, where the bird has become an "unseen song;" from the ivy over my head, pours a stream of melody, so rich, so varied, so sweet and joyous, that it would make the *veriest pessimist thank God for the mere pleasure of existence.*"

But it is man, the climax and mystery of creation, "with tremendous aspirations and possibilities," for whom (all) this beautiful world is created, his philosophy, poetry, and religion, in whom Father Sheehan is most deeply interested. "What a grotesque, beautiful, ridiculous, sublime, little being is man." "Man alone looks out and beyond this planet. Here he has no lasting dwelling place. Filled with restlessness and ennui, as he is at the present time, man can learn a great lesson from nature, if he would but listen. "It is simply to return to common sense and little repose of spirit. To this end man must seek God and Nature a little more; as a society a little less." And he finds in the Saviour of Mankind an example. "The Great Master and Model, after His day's labor in the squalid towns or along the dusky road of Judea, went up, at night, into the mountain to pray. Even

He sought solitude as a balm and sedative for tired brain and nerves.

And as to the bearing which Nature has upon a child of the Church, the following is a beautiful expression: "Nature, the sombre and veiled companion of the children of unfaith, becomes the revealed and laughing nurse of the children of belief. She, too, is but the beloved servant in our Father's house where we are the children. She puts on no Sibylline airs, utters no phrenetic prophecies, conceals no subtle meanings, speaks no mysterious language. All the occult mysticism that unbelief affects to see beneath her phenomena, resolves itself into the sweet simplicities of one who is a handmaiden to the great Lord of things. And hence, we are not frightened by her power, nor terrified by her magic, nor awed by her sublimity. *All her motions and signs we refer to a Cause and End.* We appreciate their beauty and holiness; but rest not there. All things in her and about her round to perfection—that final perfection which is God!

Thus has Father Sheehan through these most delightful observations and reflections on nature taught us that "all men are vain in whom there is not the knowledge of God, and who by these things that are seen could not understand Him that is, neither by attending to the works, have acknowledged Him who was the workman.
.for by the greatness of the beauty and of the creature the Creator of them may be seen so as to be known thereby." (Wisdom XIII. 1. 5.)

AUGUST J. WITTMANN, '08.

The Golden Songster.

'T WAS morning, and the rising sun
Put forth his beams of light;
The tiny cloudlets westward ran,
Like lambkins in their flight.

All nature gently smiled to see
The flowers all unfurl;
The clovers and the tiny blades,
Were crowned with white and pearl.

The robin from the orchard white,
Poured forth his heart in glee;
Now sings the wren in joyful strain,
Now homeward comes the bee.

My heart o'erflowed with joy and mirth,
As by a room I strolled;
But joy was changed, when I beheld,
A bird in cage of gold.

'Tis true, his heart seemed blithe and strong,
As he trilled his song to me;
But his eye was dimmed in longing for
The sights he could not see.

His coat that once was bright and clean
Was changed, and sad to say;
The song that once was joy and mirth,
Grew sadder day by day.

O tell me, gentle singer, pray,
What may the charges be,
That you should be in prison now,
While other birds are free?

How can your heart be joyful, friend,
How can you sing to-day?—
Then swelling forth his little throat,
My friend was heard to say:

"We once did have a pretty nest,
My lovely mate and I,"—
Then throbbed his little breast with grief,
And dimly looked his eye.

"Close by a clear and smiling brook,
Where willows over-hung,
We guarded close our lovely home,
There, many songs we sung.

"And when at last our little ones
Had one by one been born,
No man could e're more happy be,
Than I, that joyful morn.

"My heart in fullest measure then
Poured forth its joy of love,
While gathering food for babies three,
Or watched with care above.

"But joy was hushed and sorrow dawned,
My mate I missed one day,
And golden feathers strewn around,
Gave tidings of dismay.

"Alone in sorrow, grieved and wan,
The wee ones called for bread;
I fed each open, yellow mouth,
And stroked each shaking head.

"Into a net I flew one eve,
Just as the day was done;
And now to cares have hardened grown,
And sing to greet the sun,—

"For birds, you know, must seek their joy
Wherever they may be;
While man's true joy, my master says,
'Is in eternity.'"

D. L. FAUROT. '08.



COLLEGIAN'S STAFF.

The Style of Irving.

IT is difficult to be either definite or definitive in describing art. However, we may call it the striving of one human faculty to express what another has perceived. The hand is incited to produce that which was seen by the eye, and the voice (or pen) strives to give utterance to the perceptions of the ear and the feelings of the inner man. .

Literature is the highest of arts because it embodies all these various strivings at once. We find therein pictures drawn, sounds transformed, and the innermost sentiments of the soul brought forward. In brief, literature contains the whole man, with every faculty at work and every feature displayed: truly has it been said: "Literature is what man is, man is what literature is."

Literature is personal, and from this follows "that peculiar manner in which a man expresses his conceptions" and which we call style. It varies according to the disposition and flow of thought individual to each author. The nervous or easy, dry or humorous, swift or trudging styles are not so much the result of influence, as they are the outcome of a natural bent of mind or character. Some writers are admirable for keenness

of vision, and this feature everywhere asserts itself. They excel in picturing even the inconceivable details of scenery or person, but, like Dickens, they cannot catch the Muse. Others are feared for their cold criticisms; whilst others again are exceedingly sensitive, and ever ready to transform whatsoever of man or nature strikes them as sweet and pleasing and beautiful, with their opposites.

Each style has a hue and beauty of its own. Poe's, for instance, evinces a marvelous passion for melody, and it is the intensity of this passion that makes his style so highly expressive and imitative of reality. Irving cannot vie with the unparalleled sublimity and extravagant musicalness which often characterizes Poe, but he is certainly proportionate when we regard responsiveness to feeling. He is never artificial but forever artistic. To charm the ear and amuse the mind without leading it into deeper waters, was the aim of Irving. Never to sink below the playful ripple of placid sentiment and lighter thoughts was his sustained intention.

The order and distribution of vowels, liquids and various sounds of the consonant is of no small import in literature. It is indeed vital, and the student not aware of this fact, or heedless of it, will never attain a readable style of prose, to say nothing of verse. It is a pleasure to note that American authors seem always to have realized the importance of these touches, and as a consequence we have masterful styles, charming, easy, swift and bewitching styles. The first is that of

Irving. He has never written verse but this does not detract his vein of poetry. He selected and prepared a field distinctly his own, ingeniously sowing a very new mixture sifted from the gifts of the versifier and from those of the prose writer. Irving's sacrifice of poetical powers to prose creations was gracious, and his success in so doing, unprecedented. To him artificial poetry was far less desirable than artistic prose.

We are delighted, indeed, with his sonorous o's, and bubbling liquids, and especially with the melting of his limpid l's. They make his style tender and gentle, easy and undulating. The harmonious successions and combinations of his vowels make his phrases like so many lapping wavelets. The flexibility of his style arises chiefly from the proper proportioning of monosyllabic and polysyllabic words. Indeed, in this inimitable skill lies most of his charms. Never does he bunch a score or more of noisy little monosyllabics, that are forevermore in the way of a melodious ascending or descending cadence. He uses them with admirable discreteness. He does not shun them. Irving not only realized how powerful and necessary they are, but recognized and appreciated their respective value and greater loveliness when skillfully arranged with the ring of foreign derivatives. He adjusted them with their French and Latin cousins so that their lustre seemed the greater, and their positions the more indispensable. His readiness in mixing foreign stringendos with Anglo-Saxon staccatos, or vice versa, his skill in bringing out our soft and ex-

pressive w's and wonderful y's counteracting the deadening effect of toneless "tions, de's, inter's, etc.," clearly demonstrates his finer sense of the correct choice of words, as well as his unerring estimate of their beauty. This aptitude is the secret underlying his winning style. And this it is that begets the Ovid like flow and round finish of his sentences. His little words are plentiful as bulblets on a bulb, but his polysyllabics are charmingly interspersed. The following sentence may somewhat exemplify this: "There are few writers for whom the reader feels such personal kindness as for Oliver Goldsmith, for few have so eminently possessed the magic gift of identifying themselves with their writings."

The sentence reads like a mixture of meters; like dactyls pursuing spondees, and like swift anapests in confusion with trochees. It is highly refined, but wholly spontaneous and altogether in accordance with the waves of the mind.

Irving's sentences are a happy arrangement of the long, short and medium kind; the latter predominates. His words are words of length and dignity, especially when he closes the sentence. His sentences never weary or hurt by their abruptness. There is no abruptness. They are the product of an exceedingly refined taste; they follow, as it were, the order of nature, and are not below those of Addison in perfection.

His longer periods are never bereft of the perspicuity usual to him; they are not clogged, complex, stolid or tedious; labor and stiffness are not their characteristics. All in all, they are al-

ways a perfect echo of his feelings, which were ever genial, humorous and light. His sweet temperance prevented any extraordinary glare of expression; it guided him nicely and held him in an equal tenor of pleasing sentiment.

His paragraphs are no less perfect and admirable than his phraseology. They are never too short and seldom too long. The equilibrium that was his in all things, also gave birth to the medium size of his paragraphs. The length of some, however, might seem worthy of criticism; but we must be mindful of the field of Irving. His writings are of a class that not only tolerate but also relish and demand sentences and paragraphs of length. His aim was never absolute sublimity. His sentences were not of a "fiat" type, neither could the paragraphs be. When Milton strings out twenty-five pentameters in a single sentence in "Comus," we are delighted; we call it bringing out all that is in and around the idea—we call it genius. There is no doubt that the study of Irving's paragraphs will occasion the same remarks; and his fertility, poetical element, and high sense of finish and completeness will only be brought forward the more.

To Americans Irving will always be dear. They recognize that there was a place left for him to fill, and appreciate that he has filled it to their utmost satisfaction. The student can never cease to love him for his style, but the average Americans love his books because

"By sports like these are all our cares beguiled."

RAYMOND RATH, '06.

To May.

E'DEN'S birds ne'er caroled sweeter
At the beaming break of day;
Nature ne'er responded deeper
Than in this sweet month of May.

In the woodlands past the valley
'Neath the shelt'ring great oak trees,
Where the tinkle of the blue-bell
Mingles with the hum of bees.

Where the rippling little brooklet,
Wandering on its dimpled course,
Flows in welcome through the meadow,
Coming gently from its source.

Where the daffodil and pansy
Blossom in their soft, sweet hues,
And the daisy by the wayside
Bows and meekly adds its dues.

Here I love to come and linger,
Breathing nature in its home;
In the morn to feel the freshness
Which with night dew 'gain has come.

Would those days of artless childhood
We in manhood could now greet,
And the scenes of happier moments
Make our lives again as sweet!

D. L. MONAHAN '06.

Stephen A. Douglas.

WHENEVER civil disorders assumed such a threatening aspect as to endanger the peace of our union, men of power and energy were astir with mind and soul, to check or control them. Only in one instance were all efforts towards reconciliation futile, in the great slavery agitation, but even here we are compelled to admire the men that heroically strove to avert a bloody issue. As the South had its Henry Clay, the pacificator, so, too, the North had one who devoted his splendid powers and boundless energies to the cause of peace and the union, Stephen A. Douglas. Nor do we admire him less, because some of his schemes, instead of working for peace proved productive of greater strife and confusion, as his doctrine of "Squatter" sovereignty; for we know that they were conceived in a noble mind and a patriotic heart.

Stephen Arnold Douglas was born at Brandon, Vt., April 13, 1813. He qualified himself for the legal profession at Canandaigua, New York, and then removed to Jacksonville, Illinois, where he was admitted to the bar, when not yet of age. From that day he rose fast, struggling toward eminence as no young man of his time. Within a short time he was the acknowledged leader of the Democrats in his neighborhood, and at twenty-one was elected public prosecutor. This office he resigned two years later to enter the legislature.

His natural ability and influence embodied the resolute courage which makes the most of every occasion. This became more and more pronounced as he successively acquitted himself of the duties of register of public lands, Secretary of state, and justice of the Supreme Court of Illinois.

When Lincoln first saw Douglas he pronounced him "the least man he ever saw." His height of scarce five feet and weight of less than one hundred actually helped his popularity, as did Napoleon's, and Windhorst's in our own time. His massive head with a wealth of dark hair, his blue eyes, firm and rich voice—all endeared him to his followers.

After four years service in the Lower House Douglas took a place in the Senate to urge his theory of expansion, which owing to his natural aggressive temper and a too ardent patriotism, he propounded in vigorous speeches, but particularly in the speech of 1853, when he deemed it justifiable for the United States to annex Cuba and to acquire Mexico and Central America, by force, if it need be, to make room for the yearly increasing number of immigrants.

Besides introducing all the bills providing for the formation of territories and the admission of states, the Senator took a leading part in the Kansas-Nebraska controversy of 1854. "Should slavery be permitted in the newly acquired territories" became the uppermost question of the times. In a bill presented by Douglas the Compromise of 1820 was repealed, and the people of the territory were to have the right to decide on

the introduction of slavery. He was therefore the author of the so-called doctrine of popular or "squatter" sovereignty, which in future campaigns constituted such an important part of the Democratic platform. When President Buchanan, contrary to the wish of the majority of the Kansans supported the pro-slavery "Lecompton Constitution" Douglas at once joined the Republicans and defeated the administration. "I had", said he afterwards, "the authority and power of a dictator throughout the controversy."

The fact that Douglas' name was presented for the presidency in every convention from the time he was thirty-five to 1860, when he received the nomination, would be sufficient to establish his prominence in the list of our great statesmen. No man more ardently embraced opportunities. By personal magnetism, by a clear and forcible mode of expression, he forced his convictions wherever he found a democrat. He would yield to no politician in skill of argument, and knew how to avoid or boldly overleap obstacles. This was especially noticeable in his famous debates with Lincoln, where he was weak only as far as his course was weak.

There on the western prairie the stern Republican and the keen Democrat determined to solve the bitter slavery agitation which kept Congress in a continual alarm and had necessitated so many compromises. Both were strong in power of intellect and personal magnetism, and neither gave way. Lincoln laboriously defended the rule of right and wrong and the "divided house" text;

Douglas resorted to the Constitution of our forefathers and to the true meaning of the Declaration of Independence. The advantage remained with the latter, for Lincoln found too much difficulty "in applying the principle of equality to races of unequal strength." At all events, Douglas was still the favorite of the people of Illinois, and consequently reelected to the Senate in 1858. With the people of the South, however, he lost much in popularity in consequence of these debates, for Lincoln had elicited from him many admissions against slavery, and it can with truth be said that Lincoln through these debates defeated Douglas in the race for the presidency.

Douglas entered the Senate confident "that he could make his principle known throughout the Union". He was surprised to find himself deposed from the chairmanship of the Committee on Territories by a party caucus formed against him by Buchanan and the Southerners. His Northern antagonists, Seward and Sumner, he overcame in a fiery debate, but his continued support of the interests of the South was ultimately bound to crush him. Davis, Breckenridge, and others denounced him because neither "popular sovereignty" nor the Freeport Doctrine gave them Kansas or any other state in return for the free states, California and Oregon. Yet the man from Illinois never wavered; he fearlessly confronted them and even retained his belief in the ultimate triumph of his principle when he daily saw his circle of friends decreasing. Abraham Lincoln was the confirmed leader of the Republicans; the

Southern Democrats had separated themselves from the Northern and placed in the field J. C. Breckenridge. Whatever chance the Democrats had in the border states was destroyed by John Bell, a patriotic but unpractical Union-Saver. Rather than let his platform die, Douglas informed his friends, convened for the last time at Baltimore to permit him to make the fight for the sake of his countrymen. Immediately he undertook a canvass of the country, entering into the very heart of the Southern states. It was shortly before the election that he was asked at Norfolk whether the doctrine of the "Black" Republican President would justify the Southern states in seceding: he answered, "No".

The war was inevitable. No man, not even Douglas and his platform of "Popular Sovereignty", could stay it. Though the candidate was beaten and the platform overthrown, the great man was not disconcerted. He went back to Washington to be the first man in the Senate and the principal counselor of President Lincoln. Hapgood in his biography of Lincoln writes: "Republican leaders distrusted Lincoln and gave him little support, although the younger men were actively favorable; and the Democratic Douglas, in spite of some charlatanism in the Senate, gave sincere help".

But now his services were of short duration, for in the height of activity he contracted a malady which compelled him to resign. On his arrival in Chicago he spoke once more, closing in a serious tone his discourse in these words: "There can be

no neutrals in this war, only patriots and traitors." A few days later, June 3, 1861, when the last hour of his too short life suddenly approached, his patriotism ran highest. "Tell my sons," said he to his wife, "to obey the laws and to support the Constitution of the United States."

Of whatever faults and mistakes Douglas may have been guilty, they were overbalanced by his sterling qualities as a man and a patriot. He was a whole man and a whole American. His alacrity in supporting the Administration, and union against secession, shows that he would have been worthy of the presidency. In giving this lofty example of loyalty to the will of the majority and to rightly constituted authority, he has left a most precious heritage to the American people.

BERNARD WELLMAN, '06.



To the Oriole.

GLORIOUS bird of the shining breast,
Now trilling notes of lightest glee,
Atilt thy fairy tethered nest!

Could I but fly to thy tangled glades,
Far, far to the calm of thy hidden tree,
To revel in balmy southern shades.

Ah, there let blithe content be mine,
To list, from care and burden free,
To music shed from throats like thine.

VICTOR W. MEAGHER, '06.

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

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Editorials.

“Forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit.”
With this issue of the Collegian, the staff of 1904-1905 bids farewell to all its greatness. We are issuing this number as the Staff number, and hope that when it comes into the hands of our readers, they will think kindly of us, and read with pleasure the last memento of the Collegian staff of '04—'05.

It always seems dreadful when one must say, "It is the last." But now we must resign ourselves to the inevitable, and sadly admit our work on the Collegian is at an end. In our first issue we pleaded inexperience as a ground for our faults, but as the scholastic year matured, we learned more and more how to play our parts. We have tried to give our readers the best of our abilities, and we sincerely hope they have found our efforts worth the reading.



As editor of the St. Joseph's Collegian I deem it but a duty to insert in this issue a word of thanks to my worthy fellow-workers who have done so much to make our Collegian worthy of the position which it holds. May our successors prove successful in their work, and be assured we shall follow their work with an interested eye.



"Should auld acquaintances be forgot and the days of auld lang syne." It is only when one is about to tear himself away from the scenes of his happy college days, and the companions of his best years, that he feels the weight of these words. Surely, it is one of the greatest pleasures of after days to look back over the years spent with old comrades, and once more enjoy in spirit the good old times that are gone forever. There is a bond in the friendship of college mates which mere parting will not dissolve. One carries away pleasant memories, and in after years delights to recall those delightful hours and happy doings.

Correctness of speech is an accomplishment after which we all should strive. There is no better means of ascertaining the extent of a man's education than his speech. True it is, we may be able to express ourselves admirably on paper, and correctly, too, but when we limit our language to written expression, and fail to realize the importance of correct speech, we are making a vital mistake. There is no greater pleasure to a man with the least particle of a taste than to encounter a properly spoken person. It is that subtle something which is a pleasure to all, and does much to advance a man in the estimation of his fellows. College youths should be in the foremost ranks in correct expression, but it goes as proven that they are not. Why not remains for them to explain. It shall be their first aim in the study of the English language, and it gives their professors immeasurable delight to notice their progress in speaking correctly.



On the 9th. of May the world commemorated the one hundredth anniversary of the death of Friedrich Schiller, the German lyric and dramatic poet. A man whom the world remembers a hundred years after his death must have been great, and he who is then not only remembered but honored by public celebrations must have been among the very greatest. And such was Schiller. As a mountain rises above the plain, so Schiller stands above the generality of men. Grand as the man were his creations, his wonderful dramas,

"Wallenstein", "Wilhelm Tell", "Mary Stuart", and his marvelous poems, "Das Lied von der Glocke", "Die Burgschaft", etc.

A comparison of Schiller with Shakespeare forces itself upon us. Both have written powerful plays, and through them influenced mankind profoundly. Both exhibit great powers of mind, so great that we stand before them in silent wonder. But it goes without saying that nature had done even more for Shakespeare than for Schiller. She had given him greater powers of language, and more fancy, and more knowledge of the human heart; but what Schiller lacked in natural endowment, he made up for by study and careful workmanship. There is more spontaneity in Shakespeare and less evidence of art. On the other hand Schiller has avoided many of the mistakes and faults of Shakespeare, which as we know, were due to a too luxuriant imagination and a lack of revision and the conceits of his time. If we compare Shakespeare to a tropical landscape, glorious in the profusion of trees and shrubs and flowers, Schiller is a magnificent park with avenues of trees, and beautiful green lawns and walks and flower-beds. Shakespeare is therefore closer to nature.

Schiller's life is an interesting and inspiring one, giving an added significance to his works. He stands behind all of his works, being in this respect entirely unlike Shakespeare, who stands aloof from his creations in majestic silence. Schiller's life was one grand struggle after the ideal, and each of his works represents a higher

altitude. Beginning with his "Storm and Stress" period, it was a striving to get away farther and farther from the base, the vulgar (*Das Gemeine*). That he has communicated something of this spirit to the German people cannot be denied,—another instance of the power of the poet.

Schiller is one of the world's immortals, and though he was not thoroughly imbued with the Christian spirit, but rather with that of the so-called natural religion, or humanitarianism, he was not antagonistic to Christianity, and he has been, and ever will, be a power for good.



Exchanges.

For a full ten months we have been reveling in the lands of the plural "We" that "attribute to awe and majesty" and we're just becoming acclimated, when the calender insinuatingly announced that 'twould be well to pen our farewell address. But we do not believe in farewells from Ex-men. Conventionality requires all partings to be tearful and full of "had a good time, and shall treasure the experience forever," but everyone knows that the other fellow is heartily glad to get rid of you, so that the Ex-man's adieu is a positive joy. However, we cannot let the opportunity pass without expressing our thanks for all the kind and encouraging things said about us. We also extend our best wishes for the future, and entreat a welcome for our successor.

A journal which stands for everything literary

is the *College Spokesman*. Its editorials are timely, strong and spirited, and in its makeup it is par excellence. While not extraordinary in plot, "Ramson's Reward," a story in the May edition, shows talent for vivid description. The other story, "Redeemed by Nobility," as it stands, is weak both in argument and character description, but it is capable of being developed into a fine story.

Among the journals which have been infrequent visitors is the *S. V. C. Index*. This paper has not always been up to the mark this year, but the May number is a creditable production. Were it not for the fact that "Things are Not What They Seem" deals with the feathered kingdom, we would deem it worthy of a place with the snake or fish stories now current, being as improbable and at the same time as intensely interesting as these, but as it is, it constitutes a class all for itself.

Without a doubt the *Leaflets of Loretto* imposes too much on good nature. Every quarter it appears immaculately and absolutely above reproach. If this present number were not the rule, we should not care, but really, Leaflets, do you not think it uncharitable never to give the Ex-man a chance to register a "kick" The writer of "Wreckers" is evidently a student of Dickens, for it reminds one forcibly of a somewhat similar scene in "Our Mutual Friend."

Although we have long since passed the age of Children's Stories we take a secret delight in peeping into the pages of *Our Young People*. It's very simplicity is a constant source of refreshment.

Press Opinion.

In response to repeated requests of our friends, we here publish the opinions expressed concerning us by other journals.

The November number of The St. Joseph's Collegian is replete with articles of undoubted merit.

"When I was a King" is an absorbing tale of the adventures of an American youth on the continent; the writer evinces vividness of imagination, and a natural style of expression.

The article on the "Courtship of Miles Standish and Its Nature Touches" is rather a critical essay on the imagery and rhythm of one of America's greatest poets—Longfellow. The writer shows a close acquaintance with Longfellow, and expresses his observations both cleverly and elegantly.

Several fragments in verse are also worthy of mention, especially "A Blade of Grass" and "Time." From the latter we quote the last stanza:

"Swift-winged time flies by
Breasting all opposition;
Onward he rushes, 'mid joy or sigh,
Onward to Eternity's ocean."

Pittsburg College Bulletin, Dec. '04. Pittsburg. Pa.

In deciding to issue a bi-monthly instead of a monthly on account of lack of time among the students for attention to the journalistic work, the St. Joseph's Collegian is making a wise move and one that some other papers might copy to advantage. It is not a question of "how much" or "how often" but "how well" Collegian, and it's good to find people with sense enough to acknowledge their limitations, be they limitations of an extrinsic or intrinsic nature. Your latest number, however, is superior in many respects to some "persistent" monthlies.— *The Viatorian*, Dec. '04.

St. Viator's College, Bourbonnais, Ill.

"In the Year 2000" is a very interesting story which the writer in the St. Joseph's Collegian displays with force of imagination almost equal to Verne. "On Christmas Night" is a poem full of beautiful thought, vivid description and rich figures. "Christmas Bards" gives us a pleasing discourse upon those poets in whom the happiness of Christmas tide welled up and was poured forth in lyrical strains of purest language.— *The Laurel*, Feb. '05

St. Bonaventure's College, Alleghany, N. Y.

St. Joseph's Collegian is an exchange in which we take a deep interest. In "Christmas Bards" though the writer does not enter sufficiently into criticism, he displays taste and discrimination in his selection of polished and well turned songs expressive of Christmas sentiment. "The Year 2000," shows us the workings of an imagination of no mean proportions.— *St. Vincents College Journal*, Feb. '05. Beatty, Pa.

Since the Collegian resolved upon decreasing its calls, we formed the conclusion that we were to receive the fruits of its absence in depth of thought, however, it was false, but glad to say, no disappointment. The literary articles read with a fascinating air, and all treat interesting topics. The biography of "Blessed Caspar del Buffalo" is instructive since it apprises a man of excellent virtues, and who, worthy of consideration, has hitherto received but little. The introduction is proportionate, exact and exceedingly well written. "In the year 2000," is a humorous prophecy, containing a very clever allusion to the titles of Shakespeare's plays. This species of composition is always acceptable, providing its proper limits are not transgressed, and if it was ours to command, a call for humorous writers for college papers would have been issued long before this. Although we ourselves do not possess the happy faculty of being humorous, nevertheless we are ever able to appreciate humor used for its proper end. It would be our delight to see the author display his genius very often.—*The Bee*, Jan, '05. St. Jerome's College, Berlin, Ont.

The St. Joseph's Collegian of St. Joseph's College, Rensselaer, Ind., now appears only bimonthly, but has improved in quality to such an extent that we wellcome the change.—

St. John's Record, April, '05.

St. John's University, Collegeville, Minn.

St. Joseph's Collegian verifies the saying: "Precious things come in small packages." For a journal of its size, the Collegian has a number of excellent productions. Among these we would mention "Some Reflections on Bryant" and "A Short History of Polish Literature." While much has been said of the literature of other nations, Polish literature is not so well known; the author of this essay gives us some interesting side-lights on Poland's greatest writers.—*Agnetian Monthly*, April, '05. Mt. Washington, Md.

Foremost among the arrivals appears, brimful of excellent reading matter, The St. Joseph's Collegian. The lit-

erary essay' "The Courtship of Miles Standish, and its Nature Touches," also the article on "American Music," are creditable productions. But especially interesting is the essay on "Indiana and Her Men of Letters," In it there is a genuine ring of loyal appreciation for home talent. No wonder your journal is so interesting when it comes from Indiana, the realm of such a fostering influence for literary ability. "When I was a King," is a bright, fascinating story, but the poetry is not of the same standard as the prose efforts.—

Leaflets from Loretto, Dec. '04.

Loretto Abbey, Toronto.

The St. Joseph's Collegian comes to us this month containing many well chosen articles. "Indiana and Her Men of Letters" is an essay in which the author calls attention to the great number of authors Indiana has given to the world within the last few years. And, indeed, Indiana may well be proud of her native sons, as are we all, for they are worthy representatives of our country. The essay, although somewhat brief for such a comprehensive subject, is, however, well written, and of a length suitable for publication in a college magazine. "The Courtship of Miles Standish," is an article well worth reading. The author calls "Miles Standish" the key to all of Longfellow's other poems, and mentions the undeniable fact that violence was at all times against Longfellows, nature. "American Music" is a first-class English composition. We do not think, however, that such a subject comes within the scope of the collegian. The remaining articles are of such a class that the general standard of the paper is worthy of commendation.—

S. W. C. Student, Dec. '04. Los Angeles, Cal.

The production of the boys of St. Joseph's formerly a monthly caller at our sanctum, announces its intention to visit us less frequently, and hereafter to appear as a bi-monthly. Were it to come but once in a year it would be none the less welcome, and right heartily would we ever receive it.

Ardent admirers of the author of "Ben Hur," interested in all that pertains to him, and anxiously awaiting his autobiography (now in preparation), we were most favorably disposed to peruse the neatly written, but by no means pretentious article entitled "Indiana and Her Men of Letters." The article bespeaks sincerity, loyalty to the State, a laudable degree of "local pride" and an earnest appreciation of Indiana's leading author. Its modest simplicity is its charm.

The review of the "Courtship of Miles Standish, etc.," is very good, but is lacking in unity of purpose, in that, confining itself for the most part to a general survey, it, apart from the writer's original intent, occasionally enters into details.

"American Music" is the work of one who knows whereof he speaks. He justly scores against rag-time as an American type of music, and impartially acknowledges the influence of foreign masters upon those of our native-born composers who have striven for more than the catchy melody and monotonous ear-rending accompaniment of the so-called March King. Music like Sousa's is empty, artless, thoughtless, and when rendered by any other than his own band, soon tired of. We subscribe our ditto marks to every assertion of the writer, and recommend a careful perusal to the music-loving readers of the Collegian.

Two short stories, "When I was a King" and "Charles' Disappearance," appear in the same number. Both are written in a free and easy manner, and though a trifle absurd, are pleasing enough, and worthy of a Freshman and Sophomore graduate.

Fragments of sensible verse are dispersed throughout the issue, and are real ornaments to its pages.

The editorials, some of local, others of general interest, are seasonable, and bear the stamp of originality of thought. We beg leave to congratulate the worthy staff, and gladly bid them "do it again."—*S. V. C. Index Jan. '05.*
St. Vincent's College, Chicago, Ill.



A Card of Thanks.

The members of the Columbian Literary Society desire to express their hearty appreciation to Mr. E. P. Honan, their esteemed Parliamentary Law teacher, and to offer him their sincere thanks for the great benefits they have derived from his classes.



Dramatic Reading.

A rare treat was afforded the inmates of St. Joseph's in a dramatic reading of the play of Hamlet by Mr. C. E. W. Griffith, reader for the Chicago Shakespeare Club: Mr. Griffith is considered one of the best of readers of Shakespeare in Chicago. His fortnightly readings at Kimball Hall are attended by overflowing audiences.

In this reading of Hamlet Mr. Griffith gave us an idea of his charm and power. The tender and noble qualities in the play were especially well brought out. Mr. Griffith's reading is that of a finished artist free from all rant and boisterousness, achieving the greatest effects by modest means. He has certainly set a high model before our students of Elocution.

On the following day Mr. Griffith addressed the students on the subjects of the art of expression, and though his discourse was a short one, it was illuminative of the subject and was listened to with rapt attention.

In conclusion he read scenes from several plays in illustration of one or other principle of Literature and Elocution.

Mr. Daniel Bonus of Chicago, accompanied beautifully on the violin, and also treated the audience to several solos in which he showed his wonderful power of technique and expression.

We assure the gentlemen that we are grateful for the privilege of listening to them, and long for the opportunity of hearing them again.

New Publications.

The Race for Copper Island, by Henry S. Spalding, S. J. Those who are interested in the events relating to the primitive exploration of our country, will hail with delight the latest production of the above-named prominent author. The scene of his present work is laid in the vicinity of the Great Lakes and dates about the year 1670. News of the existence of rich copper mines along Lake Superior having reached the Frenchmen in Quebec, Count Frontenac dispatched Joliet in search of them. Joliet however is soon followed by two companies of rivals, who are desirous of depriving him of the honor of the great discovery. The vicissitudes and sufferings which the parties met are graphically portrayed and cannot but elicit our sympathy. The noble sentiments that prompted the early missionaries to explore our wild and dangerous country are very prominently brought out as the story progresses.

The events are very cleverly narrated, and the characters well delineated. The style is simple, at times pictorial, and there is an air of realism from the beginning. It is withal a most neat and charming story and cannot fail meeting the approbation of those who delight in reading a short though well-written novel.

Benziger Bros. Price \$.85 B. C. '08.

The Transplanting of Tessie—Benziger Bros. 60c. This little book came like a gentle ray of

sunshine in the beautiful month of May. It is the story of a convent flower, a little maiden, blooming among the hardened hearts of the world. The intimacy of Tessie and little Joe is as touching a stroke as one will find in the best of works. The story of Tessie's innocent enjoyment of the pleasures of the world, and how she at length arouses the dying embers of the faith in her Uncle Ben, is well worth reading. Little Joe is a rival Character to Dickens "Tiny Tim". We do not hesitate to pronounce this book a fitting ornament to any home, especially where children are *concerned*.

The Christian Home, Pastoral Letter of Rt. Rev. James A. McFaul, D. D. Bishop of Trenton. Benziger Bros. Price 10c. This is a beautiful and instructive treatise on the christian home, and all for what it stands. It shows what a home ought to be, and what good parents and dutiful children can make it. The pamphlet is not a mere series of exhortations but containing much wisdom and practical suggestions, and it is delightfully written.



Societies.

C. L. S. On Sunday, May 28th, the Columbian Literary Society held its last meeting for the closing semester. Mr. E. P. Honan, was present and addressed the members.

The Society rendered some very creditable programs of late and the general showing for the last months of the year is fully equal if not superior to any of the previous months.

Private program, May 29.

Music. Rec. "The Drowned Mariner," A. Schaefer, Oration: "Our Duties to the Republic," M. Shea; Dram. Rec. "Yes I am guilty," L. Monahan; Music; Oration, "America and Rome," V. Meagher; Hum. Rec. "Nailing a Hen," Jos. Saccone. Debate: "Resolved that the Indian has received worse treatment at the hands of the Whites than the Negro." Aff. J. Gallagher and L. Nageleisen; Neg. B. Condon and J. Costello. Essay "The Rubaiyas of Omar Khaygan," M. Helmig.

On May the 14. the society gave a public program which was judged very meritorious by the audience. The numbers present were:

An Apostrophe "The Value of Reputation" E. Pryor.
Dram. Rec. "The Polish Bay".....F. Wachendorfer.
Vocal Solo "Sailing".....J. McCarthy.
Debate "Resolved that we shall abolish Capital Punishment," Aff. E. Freiburger; Neg. J. Becker.
Declamation "Horatius at the Bridge"...L. L. Hildebrand.
Rec. Hum. "How a man puts things away".....P. Gase.
Farce: "Niger Justice" Characters:

Judge (Colored).....	H. Grube.
Lawyer Shortbrief.....	A. Schreck.
" Penquill.....	P. Wiese.
Policeman.....	F. Pierce.
O. Flaherty.....	O. Hentges.
Wm. Walker.....	A. Scherrib.
Frank Turby.....	E. Olberding.
Tonny Frot.....	A. Scherrib.
John Long.....	I. Wais.

The program given on Sunday, May 29. was also a public one, it was the last of the list for this year and the audience was very much pleased with it.

Music "Czarina".....	by the College Band.
Dramatic Rec: "The Deserter".....	I. Collins.
Oration "Decoration Day Address".....	C. Frericks.
Declamation "Only one Night at Sea"....	A. Scherrib.
Song.....	Orphan Club.
Editor's Paper.....	N. Allgeier.
Music "Serenade".....	by the College Band.
Farce "Not in the Regular Army."	

Cast of Characters: "Johnny Slick," F. Gribba; "Mike Mullaly," J. Costello; "Scrapy Pete," J. Sullivan; Reginald de Montmorency," F. Pierce; "Isaac Grafinski," F. May; "Calamity Bill," J. Seimeitz; "Hans Schmidt," E. Olberding; "Samuel Johnson," L. Hildebrand; "Weary Walker," L. Nageleisen; "Joshua Green," L. Faurot.

The society has closed a year of very successful literary work and has certainly approached to a higher mark of general perfection. Marked improvement has been achieved in the art of correct speaking and general appearing before the public. Nearly all the members, but especially those of the higher elocution class can justly say, thanks to the untiring efforts of their teacher in Elocu-

tion, P. Arnold, they have learned to realize and appreciate the value of elocutionary training.

With the present standing of the society the prospects for the next year are very bright.

St. X. G. L. S. The St. Xavier literary society has been very successful this year in giving public programs. The one rendered on April the 24. was in every respect deserving of high Comment.

Music, by the Orchestra. Recitation, "Die alten Clasicsker und die moderne Bildung," M. E. Ehleringer; Rec. "Der Deserteur," D. Duerler; Declamation "Der Galeren slave," B. Condon; Music, Orchestra. Debate: "Beschlossen dass der Einfluss und die Regierung Napoleon's Europa schaedlich war," Aff. F. Wachendorfer; Neg. C. Frericks. Humorous Display: "Ein Orakel" R. Rath. Musical Farce: "Ein liederliches Kleeblatt," Characters: "Schauspieler," M. Helmig; "Kaufmann," A. Scheidler; "Student," O. Knapke.

A short private program was given Sunday May the 14th. with the following numbers:

Declamation: "Ausriss aus Macketh," V, Meagher;
Oration: "Schiller's Einfluss auf das Volk," A, Scherrib.
Decl. "Die Sonne bringt es an den Tag," A. Linneman.
"Pantomine," M Helmig and O. Hentges.

On Sunday evening May the 21th we were agreeably entertained by Prof. Jos. Baunach and his young aspirants to musical fame. The program was composed of fine selections of pieces and the entire performance was very creditably rendered. The list of numbers ran as follows:

1. Overture: "The Tower of London".....E. Isenmann.
Orchestra.
2. (a) "The Bell in the Valley".....H. Wenzel.
(b) "Grandmother's Tales".....M. von Wilm.
Leonard Kaib.

3. "Midnight Bells" Reverie.....Alfred Friedhouse.
Clement Fisher.
4. "The Beautiful Star" Waltz.....H. v. Gael.
Alfred Teehan.
5. (a) Polka.....G. Eberhardt.
(c) Catilena.....Bohm.
M. Helmig.
6. Valse Caprice.....F. Spindler.
A. J. Schreck.
7. March "Fox Glove".....F. L. Rickaby.
L. Hoffmann.
8. "The Golden Wedding" Waltz....A. J. Barkhouse.
Orchestra.
9. "Parade of the Guard".....Fr. Behr.
Vinc. Williams.
10. Sonatine.....M. Clementi.
(a) Conspirito; (b) Andante; (c) Allegro vivace.
Ed. Pryor.
11. (a) Waltz.....H. Engelmann.
(b) Study.....Hohmann.
P. Wiese; D. Durler; S. McDaniels.
12. "Song of the Sirens".....W. Lege.
O. Muhlenbrink.
13. (a) Study in A minor.....St, Heller.
(b) Study in Staccato.....G. Merkel.
I. Weis.
14. "Am Rhein".....Jos. Baunach.
Male Chorus with Baritone Solo, College Chorus.
15. March "Majestic Harmonie".....Rich. Wagner.
Orchestra.

After the program, prizes were awarded for clear and expressive playing to Messrs. E. Pryor. L. Kaib, M. Helmig and I. Weis.

A. L. S. On Sunday evening June 1st the members of the Aloysian literary society gave us

the final exhibition of their efforts for this year. The program was a real treat for the audience and the excellent performance of most of the participants both in the literary part as well as in the after piece proved that the Aloysians are imbued with that spirit of determination which under careful training is bound to exert itself. The entire entertainment was a success and the young members were cheerfully applauded.

The following is the list of numbers presented.

Literary Program.

Music, "Favorite Melodies".....Band.
 Dramatic Rec. "The Traitors Death".....V. Williams.
 Recitation: "The Little Outcast Plea".....C. McDaniels,
 Declamation "The Unknown Rider".....Jos. Boland.
 Dram. Rec. "Coriolanus".....G. Ohleyer.
 Recitation "Papa's Letter".....B. Brugger.
 Declamation "A Baby in in Church".....P. Brugger.
 Music "Serenade to Flora".....Band.
 Afterpiece: "Three Rogues and the Fool."

Cast of Characters: "Money Bags" H. Dues; "Sharper," P. Graff; "Morgan in 1st act, Prof. Etiquette in 2nd G. Quattman; Killharmonics in 1st, Buffles in 2nd Act, Detective, J. Sedletzeck; Edw. and Paul sons of Money Bags, L. Schoy and L. Bruder.

St. Stanislaus Altar Society: On the Feast of the Ascension of our Lord, sixteen of the members of the Altar society participated in the solemn services of the day. All were attired in full regalia. In the afternoon the youngsters sat down to a delicious banquet given them by their moderator Rev. S. Kuhnmuensch C. PP. S.

Marian Sodality. The members of the Marian Sodality have lately purchased a beautiful banner

which was solemnly blessed and dedicated by Father G. Heldman, on the first Sunday in May. During the May procession to the Lourdes Grotto the banner was carried with its beautiful colors of blue and gold playing in the evening sun; on the regular monthly Communion days it will be publicly exposed in the chapel.

Fr. Gartland and A. Schreck were recently enrolled.

Our Sodality Banner.

The angels ceased their paeans of praise
Round heaven's glittering throne;
And listed soft to our holy lays
On incense thither blown.

And Eden's beauteous Queen, their head,
Veiled in eternal glow,
Soft loving beams of blessed shed
On her emblem raised below.

The banner swayed in the vernal breeze,
As round with Aves twined,
We raised aloft on bended knees,
To Mary's name enshrined.

The blessing hovered as an angel's breath
Around its gold and blue;
With accents mild that sweetly saith:
"My Child, be ever true."

V. W. Meagher, '06



Commencement.

Commencement for the Scholastic year of nineteen four and five is past. The exercises passed off smoothly, and with the delightful weather which was afforded us, nothing was wanting to make the entire occasion enjoyable and successful. The number of visitors present was gratifying to say the very least and the presence of the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Ft. Wayne in our midst was an honor which is fully appreciated.

The brogram for Commencement opened with the rendition of "Richard III.," on Monday evening by the C. L. S. in which we may say without boasting, the characters acquitted themselves with the greatest credit. Further attention will be given to a critical comment on the play in this issue, and we shall therefore refrain from further remarks.

The services on Tuesday morning opened with solemn High Mass "Coram Episcopo," during which a charming musical program was rendered by the College choir. The Bacculaureate address delivered by Rev. H. T. Wilken of Decatur Ind. was full of the wisdom and reason which only encountering the world can give. His address was marked with these features, and without a doubt touched the desired spot in the hearts of all his hearers.

After High Mass the Rt. Rev. Bishop delivered a short but beautiful discourse on the influence of the Holy Ghost on man as a creature and the splendid manner in which he explained

the works of the Third Person of the Blessed Trinity left his hearers far wiser than before.

Confirmation was then administered to a class of seventeen.

The closing exercises were held in the Auditorium, beginning at 9 o'clock and opening with a short address by the Rev. Rector. Albin J. Scheidler then welcomed the visitors in a few well chosen words, after which Felician Wachen-dorfer read the class poem, "In Arduis Laetitia," a happy motto which may the class of naught five find realized in life.

John P. Lieser delivered a short but touching valedictory, and bid farewell to all they held dear at their Alma Mater.

The Degree of Bachelor of Arts was then conferred upon the graduates of the classical, and diplomas were awarded to those in the Normal and Commercial departments. Medals were distributed to the students having the highest grades in each branch. The exercises closed with a band selection.

Two features which cannot be overlooked were the banquet of the Baseball Team and the class convivial of 1906. Both were marked with hearty good cheer, and both were the result of a successful year.

And so the year is ended and a long summer vacation looms up before us. We are not unwilling to enjoy it, and only hope that for those, who are to make this their last—may life be one success and may the realization of each ones ambition be the result of the diligent work done within the walls of St. Joseph's.

The following were our visitors:—

Rt. Rev. J. H. Alerding, D. D. Bishop of Ft. Wayne. Ind. Rev. D. J. H. Oechtering, V. G. Very Rev. B. Russ, C. PP. S. Revs. Wilkens, Guendling, Henkel, Koenig, Schirak, Eisenhauer, Burns, Boebner, Dinnen, Hindelang, Dickman, Hue-ser, Horstman, Berg, Jansen, Durham, Missler, Rauh, Vogel-man. Young, Richardelli, Schalk, Muench, Boccard, Pratt, Schmidt, Brackman, Fitzpatrick, Riest, Goldschmidt, Daniels.—Mr. and Mrs Bruder, Mrs. La Master. Arthur La-Master, Mr. and Mrs Imfeld, Clem. Imfeld, Mrs. Helmig, Mr. and Mrs Lear, Bernard Lear, Mrs. Monahan, Mrs. Golden, Mrs. Scheidler, Mr. and Mrs. Schwieterman, Mrs. Hamburger, Mrs. Goetz, Mrs. Schmitz, Misses Hildebrand, Becks, Wellman, Sullivan, Goetz, Hoerstman, Fitzpatrick, Misses Shea, Misses Berg, Misses Lamb, Messrs. Hildebrand, Mc Gaffrey, Weis, Bergman, Coughlin, Saccone, Sullivan, Sul-livan, Shea, Williams, Mulcahy, Greive. Knapke, Schmitz, E. Huelsman, B. Huelsman, Joseph, Frank, and George Has-ser, Shluttenhoffer. L. M., '06.

Richard III.

On the evenings of June 9. and 12. the Birbeck edition of Shakespeare's great tragedy, Richard III, was given in the college auditorium under the auspices of the Columbian Literary Society.

The play was a success beyond all expectation. But this success is directly due to the earnest efforts and sacrifices of Rev. A. Weyman who had the play in charge. The indirect influence of Mr. Griffith (elsewhere mentioned) also stood in evidence; as also the encouragement received from Rev. I. Rapp.

Mr. Lawrence Monahan (as Richard III.) is a gentleman of rare dramatic power and ability. He had mastered that character fully and in every way was identified with it throughout. He played Richard in all his horrible grandeur. Depravity and intellectual energy are remarkably combined in Richard and Mr. Monahan's clear voice, easy transitions of pitch, together with his subtle gestures and wicked blinkings brought out this combination to the shuddering admiration of all present. He never sank out of the artistic sphere however, nor did he ever rant, although the play offers great temptations for a young actor to do so.

His fullest and finest exertions were in the second act when he entered with the monks, and in the fourth act when he spoke subdued and easy and in glaring contrast to "My kingdom for a horse etc!" immediately after. When he threw the prayerbook over his head the action and facial expression fairly electrified the audience. But not only in this, but in all climaxes the gentleman was excellent, never ranting, always artistic. He finely pictured the demonical incarnation of a Richard at the death of the Princes when he breathed these words most wickedly:

"Princes, farewell!

To me there's music in your parting bell,"

The last scene was very exciting and lively, but Mr. Monahan did not give way to mere ranting even there, and the last words: "A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse" were so impressive and coupled with such a frightened countenance as to evoke even pity.

Mr. Ehleringer as Henry VI. played his roll with equal art and success. His were some of the most difficult passages but his usual ability was there and the performance held the sympathy of all. His voice pitiful, well sustained nervousness and trembling position evinced, very strongly, the sorrows, trials and decrepitude of a stricken king.

The nicety and tact of the Prince of Wales (B. Condon) and the sprightly freedom of the duke of York (B. Brugger) were delightful features and very well taken by the audience. York especially moved the audience when he appeared after his death near the tent of Richard.

A decided piece of dramatic power was the duke of Buckingham rejected by Richard, and a vision like mystery was Tirrel, the murderer. The Earl of Richmond made an excellent impression with his soldiers but his prayer on the eve of battle was rather slow of sentiment.

Lord Stanley showed more regularity than sin-

cerety, and Tressel raised his percentage once more. The Mayor of London was solemn and majestic, and his singular small shrewdness was a nice amusement. Catesby was quite up to the mark and so was the Duke of Norfolk. The costumes were excellent and befitting.

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

Duke of Gloster, afterwards Richard III, L. Monahan; King Henry VI, M. Ehleringer; Prince of Wales, B. Condon; Duke of York, B. Brugger; Duke of Buckingham, M. O'Connor; Duke of Norfolk, B. Wellman; Earl of Richmond, O. Knapke; Earl of Oxford, R. Schwieterman; Lord Stanley, A. Scheidler; Lord Mayor of London, E. Pryor; Sir William Catesby, F. Wachendorfer; Sir Richard Ratcliff, F. Gribba; Sir James Blount, M. Shea; Tressel, V. Meagher; Lieutenant of the Tower, E. Vurpillat; Tirrel, M. Helmig; Forest, J. O'Donnell; Dighton, J. Sullivan; Officer, J. Bryan; Aldermen, Monks, Soldiers, Archers, etc. R. R., '66.

A New Leo House.

For the Protection of Travelers.

The Leo House, a Home of the St. Raphael Society, for the protection of travelers, at 6 State St., New York, which for the last fifteen years has harbored and assisted more than 43000 German immigrants, besides extending hospitality to more than 19,000 other travelers, is no longer adequate for the service to either class of guests demanded of it, nor is the location a desirable one for present purposes.

The Rev. Urban C. Nageleisen, rector of the house, has been authorized, therefore, by the corporation controlling the institution to take steps toward the purchase of a new site and toward the building and equipment of a new Leo House more centrally located and more commodious and up-to-date in its appointments than the house occupied at present.

The Archbishop of New York, as president of the Leo House Corporation, has approved the plan of the managers to raise the necessary funds. The saleable value of the present unincumbered property is \$150,000.00. Another \$150,000.00 is needed to carry out the project of the managers. To raise this amount they have issued 15,000

certificates, at \$10 each, total value \$150,000.

These certificates are made transferable and redeemable. Consequently the Leo House Corporation reserves the option to redeem these certificates, or any part thereof, either by meals or lodging in the new Leo House, or by Cash without interest on and after Jan. 1. 1910, or at any previous time, when the improved Leo House is once in operation.

The Corporation pledges itself to refund the money without interest to the holders of the certificates, on the surrender of the certificates should the managers fail to raise the required sum for the building and equipment of the house by January 1st. 1910.

In the fifteen years of its existence Bishops, Priests, Brothers and Sisters and many prominent men and women of the laity have enjoyed the hospitality of the Leo House while sojourning in New York City. The special wants of the clergy and religious will be amply provided for in the new building which will contain, among other desirable features, a large chapel with a sufficient number of altars on which the Rev. Clergy may offer the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass before embarking or after a successful voyage abroad.

The \$100,000 necessary to establish the present Leo House was subscribed mostly by the German Catholics of this country. The institution has been a blessing in the community and for the West, and it is to increase vastly its field of usefulness that the new Leo House is projected. The plan proposed will not bear heavily on a single individual, and the rector feels confident that the Scheme will meet the encouragement it deserves from the priests and laity of the country, whose interests have been so admirably served by the Leo House. Certificates are ready for delivery. Address: Leo House, 6 State St. N. Y. N. Y.

Batteries Freiburger, Sullivan, Penn, Wittig.

On Sunday May 21. the team from St. Xavier's Hall could not hit Shea; whilst Koenn their pitcher was hit at will. The game was too one sided to be interesting.

The score.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R	H	E
St. Aquinos	0	2	2	6	4	2	0	0	0	16	10	1
St. Xavier's	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	1	0	2	4	5

Batteries Shea and Sullivan, Koenn, Schaefer and Grube.

On May 27. we would have given Brook a worse shut out than they handed us, but for the phlegmatic inclinations of some in the ninth inning. Shea allowed but two hits until the ninth.

The score.

St. Joseph's	R.	H.	P.	O.	A.	E.	Brook	E.	H.	P.	O.	A.	F.
Hilgerink 3b	3	0	1	1	0		Stoll p	0	0	7	0	1	
Nageleisen 1b	2	1	11	0	0		Wittig c	1	1	7	0	0	
Sullivan c	0	2	8	0	0		Penn cf	1	2	3	1	0	
Hasser ss	0	1	0	9	2		Longwell 3b	1	0	6	3	1	
Fischer c	0	1	1	0	0		Hammond lf	1	0	0	0	2	
Monahan 2b	0	2	2	1	1		Light ss	0	0	0	0	1	
Shea p	1	1	1	2	0		Lyons 2b	0	1	1	0	0	
Faurot rf	1	0	1	0	0		Hess rf	0	0	0	0	0	
Allgeier	1	2	2	0	0		Waling 1b	0	0	0	4	1	
	8	10	27	13	3			4	4	24	8	6	

Struck out by Shea 7, by Stroll? Base on Balls off Shea 1, off Stroll 2. Double play Hasser, Monahan, Nageleisen: Penn to Waling.

On May 30. we defeated Lowell on their home grounds, our opponents were too much on edge, and we profited by their nervousness.

The score.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R	H	E
St. Joseph's	0	0	3	4	0	3	0	0	1	11	9	2
Lowell	0	0	0	1	0	2	0	0	8	3	7	5

Batteries Shea and Sullivan, Rider and Hepp

St. Vincents of Chicago, visited us May 24, and returned thereto with a victory tucked in their grip. By every law of right we should have won, as we out hit them, and played as well in the field, but fortune would not deign to smile on us, and we returned from the game dispirited.

Wrangling by the visitors marred to some extent an otherwise interesting game.

The score.

St. Joseph's	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.	St. Vincent's	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Hilgerink 3b	2	1	4	1	1	C. Case lf	0	0	2	0	0
Nageleisen 1b	0	2	7	0	0	W. Case 2b.	1	1	3	1	1
Sullivan c	0	3	13	2	0	Burke 1b	1	1	8	1	1
Hasser ss	0	1	0	2	1	Kelly p	0	0	0	5	0
Fischer rf	0	1	0	0	0	Crowley c	1	1	8	0	0
Monahan 2b	0	1	2	2	0	Goggin ss	0	1	1	1	0
Shea p	0	0	0	4	0	O'Toob cf	0	2	2	0	0
Seimetz cf	0	0	0	0	1	Mc'Don'h 3b	0	0	2	4	1
Allgeier lf	0	2	1	0	0	Keating rf	0	0	1	0	0
	2	11	27	11	3		3	6	27	11	13

Struck out by Shea 14, by Kelley. Two base hits, Allgeier, Crowley. Double play Hasser, Monahan, Nageleisen. Umpire OBrien and Freiburger. Time 1.45.

On Sat. June 3, we again lost to St. Vincent's at Chicago. We were listless and Shea did not pitch his usual game. He may be excused however as he was worked rather hard toward the end of the season.

The score.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R	H	E
St. Josephs	0	0	2	0	1	1	0	1	0	5	12	4
St. Vincent	5	0	0	2	0	3	0	0	0	10	6	2

Batteries Shea and Sullivan, Case and Crowley.

The base-ball season is over, and 05 is but a memory. Without a doubt this year's team more than rivaled the teams of former years, having won seven out of eleven games. But we expected a little more in some of the games, and were disappointed. However there are no complaints as the team has done its best, and it deserves the thanks of its alma mater. And it would not be amiss to say that Sullivan and Shea, deserve more than a common portion of praise. Sullivan for his work in the role of captian and receiver and Shea for his consistent pitching. Much of this year's material is left for the next year and it is to be hoped, that our standard will be raised.

MAURICE O'CONNOR, '06.

ECCE SACERDOS !

REV. William Hordeman '01, a worthy alumnus of St. Joseph's college, read his first holy Mass on the feast of Corpus Christi June 22. in St. Augustine's church, Rensselaer, Ind.

It was a glorious day for Father Hordeman; the weather was ideal, the church was magnificently festooned and the number of friends and relatives exceedingly great. Rev. Stanislaus Neiberg, C. PP. S. pastor of the Sacred Heart church at Sedalia, Mo., preached an excellent and touching sermon. The great number of clergymen and acolytes present in the sanctuary was very impressive. Select music was furnished by the College choir. A grand Banquet followed the services. We heartily regret that the extreme lateness of the event prevents further detail here and the Collegian sincerely apologizes to Father Hordeman.

Ad multos annos!

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